

The Seasons.



A. Phelps—Greenfield.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



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THE SEASONS.

SEASONS.



GREENFIELD.

A. Phelps....1848.

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THE SEASONS.



Emma.

“ How pleasantly,” said Emma,
“ The birds begin to sing !
Oh ! best of all the seasons,
I’m sure I love the Spring.

The ice upon the river
Has melted all away,
And all the snow has gone, too,
That on the meadows lay.

The air is soft and pleasant,
And one may now go out,
And in the new made gardens,
Play merrily about.



Oh ! now for pleasant rambles !
The morning walk or ride,



To see the cattle grazing,
And pretty lambs, beside,



The Robins and the Linnets
Are hopping on each bough,
And soon they will be singing
On all our gardens now !

Oh! will it not be charming
Once more to hear them sing?
Surely of all the seasons
The pleasantest is Spring."



Edward.

"Sister, there is no season
Like *Summer* time to me:
Oh! were it always summer,
How happy should I be;

I love among the meadows
To see the flocks and herds;
And in our woods and gardens
To hear the song of birds.



I love to tend the flowers,
When gardens are in bloom;
I love to see their colors,
And smell their sweet perfume.

"Tis pleasant round the country
To ramble far and wide,
With little brother Francis
Or Richard at my side.



Then in such pleasant weather,
Not even the poor and old,
Though they have little clothing,
Can suffer from the cold.

We then play through the meadows,
 Or bathe us in the sea ;
 Oh ! were it always summer,
 How happy should I be !"



Francis.

"I like the *Autumn* better,
 A great deal better, Ned ;
 I wish 'twas *always Autumn*,"
 The little Francis said.

"For then we may with safety
 Out in the sunshine play ;
 'Tis not too warm for comfort
 At any time of day.



Then all our farmers gather
 Their barley, wheat, and maze !
 Then is the time of harvest :—
 Oh ! they are happy days !

Then, too, in every orchard,
 The fruits are ripe and sweet ;
 And even the poorest people
 Have some of it to eat.



'Tis pleasant in the Autumn
To waken with the light,
And if fresh winds are blowing
To fly my pretty kite.

Then their hoops about the city
The merry school boys drive;
Oh ! I am still in Autumn
The happiest boy alive !



Richard.

" Nay, brothers, *merry Winter,*"
Said Dick, " my choice shall be:
Though lengthly be its evenings,
They never weary me.



I love old blustering Winter,
Though loud its winds may blow;
I love to chat around the fire,
Or frolic in the snow.

Our nut we crack so gaily.
And pleasant stories tell,
Or read aloud some pretty book ;—
Oh ! I love winter well !



Upon the ice, for pasttime,
Early we slide and late,
For when the ponds are frozen
How merrily we skte !

Sometimes we take a basket
Of good things to the poor.
Which is the greatest pleasure
We have on earth, I'm sure.

And then comes happy Christmas;
I wish the day was nigh,—
When almost all may have a feast,
And every one a pie !



Oh! give me merry Winter,
 Though hail and snow come thick;
 For Winter, boys, say what you will,
 Is good enough for Dick!"

Their mother who had listened
 To hear them chat awhile,
 As soon as Richard ended,
 Addressed them with a smile.

" All seasons have their pleasures,
 Winter, like all the rest ;
 And he who is contented
 At all times, will be blessed.

Yet while you share the mercies
 Each changing season brings,
 Forget not *Him* who gives them,
 Our GOD,—the King of kings !



